

DoNots!

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Summary: In ways to seduce your boyfriend, reading Cosmo for advice is usually not advised by anyone but Cosmo themselves. To bad for Hiccup, Jack is a loyal reader and takes some of the tips to use in the bedroom.

DoNots!

Note: First facfic written in WEEKS! And I gotta say, I'm proud of it so I hope you all enjoy this 1.2k word gift from me to you. Enjoy the Hijack!

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><p>Who ever thought it was a good idea to let Jack read Cosmo magazine, Hiccup would never know but he found himself always finding his boyfriend nose deep into the girly frufu magazine as he liked to call it. Even worse, he far more often found Jack smirking at him during or after reading one, a twinkle in those beautiful eyes of his, a twinkle that frightened the grown man. If Jack had another idea of using the fashion advice from a womens magazine for his clothing and closet, Hiccup swore he would burn every one of those glossy pages in the front yard!<p>

So when the next following night came around, Hiccup was surprised to find himself with a lap full of his slender boyfriend, of long fingers threaded through his hair and tugging slowly at messy strands as he kissed down a freckled neck, stopping to nip and suckle at his pulse point following down to his collarbones. A low groan escaped his lips, letting himself melt against their headboard on their bed as Jack made his slow path down his chest. Hiccup could only thank Odin that he had just finished a shower so his shirt was in the hamper and all he wore was the dragon printed boxers Jack got him last Christmas. That praise to Odin grew as Jack flicked his tongue against a nipple and pulled a small whimper of pleasure out.

Reaching the hem of the adorable boxers, Hiccup looked down to Jack, taking a deep breath through his nose to try and calm his racing heart, to try and push aside the flush working along his cheeks and coloring his ears scarlet. Jack simply smiled and looked through thick lashes as he tugged the boxers down with a soft murmur of approval under his breath, wrapping a free hand around one of his personally favorite appendages, wetting his lips with the tip of his tongue.

Now usually, Jack would go for the teasing tactic, running the flat of his tongue along the underside with a low groan of arousal and teasing mewl if he decided on being more submissive this evening, growling if he wanted to screw Hiccup into the bed instead. But what Hiccup found after a pair of pink lips wrapped around the head for distraction was . . . was weird as all fucking hell.

"J-Jack . . . Jack . . . Jack is that a fucking tape measure around my DICK?!" circumference

Pulling his mouth back with a pop, Jack gave a sheepish, innocent look, fluttering his lashes as he moved the tape measure to get the perfect circumference of the hard cock. Taking note of the size, he quickly shoved the item off the bed. Hiccup groaned and rolled his eyes.

"Again? Seriously, you're measuring my dick, AGAIN?"

"Hey, last time was to measure the length okay? I need the thickness this time."

"For WHAT?!"

" . . . stuffs."

Hiccup wanted to argue, wanted to get an answer even if it meant shaking Jack and going full on orgasm denial to get the answer from him! But damn, Jack had too much skill in those lips and that tongue as they wrapped around the hard cock once more, taking it down by half in one practiced go. Hiccup supposed . . . the questions could wait until later.

â€”

It was two weeks before Hiccup would find out what that measuring tape was used for.

Toothless had been spending his days as of lately harassing the local bakery for leftovers and cinnamon buns with incessant meowing and gurgling sounds only the mass of fluffy cat fatness could achieve, giving the house to the happy couple between the hours of when the bakery opened and well past closing when the baker finally gave in. With Hiccups job being out of the house and Jack working from home, it gave the man ample time to strike.

Returning home, Hiccup struggled out a yawn, dropping his Berks Firefighters jacket onto the armchair and pushing his fingers through his hair. "Jack? Babe?" He called out, hearing nothing. Considering Jacks car was parked in the lot, this confused the fuck out of Hiccup who slowly kicked off his shoes and made his way to look around the

house. Not looting through the fridge or clinging to the coffee machine. Not peeing with the door open to the bathroom as he normally did. Not showering and singing the latest pop song. Not in the office room working or avoiding work. That left the bedroom which was shut. Slowly, Hiccup turned the knob, pushing the door open.

This wasn't the first time Jack had planned a seductive evening, spread naked across the sheets, licking chocolate sauce or icing from his fingertips, even ice cream a time or two. It wasn't the first time Jack gave him that smoldering look of desire and lust from their bed, legs spread invitingly, the head of his cock a deep red in want.

But this WAS the first time there were a box of fucking donuts with the holes in the center enlarged to what he could only assume was the circumference of one Hiccock.

Crooking his finger on one hand and lifting a glazed donut with the other, Jack smiled enticingly. "Come here, Hiccy and pick what flavor you would like to wear." He cooed. Hiccup had the most confused boner he had ever had when it came to Jack at least in the last six months. But this . . . this was a new one for the internet he knew as he slowly stepped forward and looked to the donuts.

"I have so many questions and what frightens me is that I KNOW you have answers for all of them."

Jack smirked, lifting the glazed donut to his lips and running the tip of his tongue along the sticky side of it slowly before he spoke and slowly explained himself.

"It was in one of Cosmos sex tips, I admit. Even the wonder that is I could not come up with a plan this brilliant." Before Hiccup could argue otherwise, Jack continued on. "Now this is just the beginning of the advice given, the real fun of it comes after you put one of these around that fine dick of yours and I nibble it off, but I have to say, cutting the donuts to your size was harder then I thought it would be but well worth it. I even bribed the baker Toothless likes to stay open late so we have more time."

While the advice given to him from that fucking magazine had been nothing but shit, the plan itself for the evening together and the extra time alone was nice, was good even, and he couldn't stop himself from smirking and deciding that he could give whatever this was a chance. At seeing how Hiccup was going to go with it, Jack grinned in delight, a flicker of hunger in blue eyes.

"I'm gonna suck the cum out of you like Go-Gurt." Jack murmured.

"Stop trying to make me regret this, Jack and help me get naked already."

Grinning wickedly, Jack grabbed Hiccup by the belt loops, tugging him into a slow kiss, sticky from the donut glaze he had been sampling. He made no promises after all.

End
file.